A Bacchanal.

A strait pitiless mind
Is death unto godliness $
And to feel in human kind
Life, and a pain the less.
Knowledge, we are not
foes !
I seek thce diligently;
But the world with a great
wind blows.
Shining, and not from
thce:
Blowing to beautiful things,
On, amid dark and light,
Till Life, through the
trammellings
Of Laws that are not the
Right,
Breaks, clean and pure, and
sings
Glorving to God in the
height!

All the Chorus.

Hither for doom and deed 1
Hither with lifted sword.
Justice, Wrath of the Lord,
Conic in our visible need !
Smite till the threat shall him!,
Smite till the heart shall bleed,
Him the tyrannous, lawless,
Godless, Kchton's earth
born seed !

LKADKK.

Appear, appear, whatso thy shape
or name
O Mountain Bull, Snake of the
Hundred Heads.
Lion of Burning Flame !
O God, Beast, Mystery, come 1
Thy mystic maids
Are hunted !—Blast their hunter
with thv breath.
Cast o'er his head thv snare ;
And laugh aloud and drag him to
his death.
Who stalks thy herded madness in
its lair I